

Randolph County Journal

EVERY THURSDAY MORNING
By BEVERLY & SMITH.

OUR TERMS.
For Twelve Months, in advance, \$2.00
For Six Months, in advance, 1.00
All papers discontinued when the time expires.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
One square 10 lines an insertion, \$1.00
Each additional insertion, .25
Quarter column one year, 25.00
Half " " " " 12.50
One " " " " 6.25
Legal advertisements must be paid for in advance.
Unless a particular time is specified, when handed in, advertisements will be published until ordered out, and charged for accordingly.

Business Directory.

TIME TABLE.

Trains running on the Indianapolis, Pittsburg and Cleveland Rail Road passing Winchester Station.
Mail Train West, 7:40 P. M.
Night Express West, 4:07 A. M.
Morning Express West, 4:07 A. M.
Accommodation West, 6:02 A. M.
Morning Express East, 4:45 A. M.
Mail Train East, 10:49 A. M.
Local Freight East, 6:30 P. M.
Stock Express East, 11:00 P. M.
Accommodation East, 9:17 P. M.
J. W. WILLIAMSON, AGENT.

FRANKLIN HOUSE,
ALEX. WHITE, Proprietor,
Cor. Franklin & Main Sts., Winchester, Ind.
"Omnia laus cony" Passengers to and from the Cars free of charge.

MANSION HOUSE,
WM. KIZER, Proprietor,
North East Corner Public Square,
Winchester, Ind.

SILAS COLGROVE,
Attorney & Counselor at Law,
West Public Square, Winchester, Ind.
Will promptly and diligently attend to all business entrusted to his care.

BROWN & CHENEY,
Attorneys at Law,
Office in Stroum's brick, E. of Court House,
Give special attention to the collection and security of claims.

PEELLE & WATSON,
Attorneys & Counselors at Law,
Office West of the Public Square.
Will practice in the Circuit Courts, the Supreme Court and U. S. Court, for the District of Indiana.

C. S. & J. B. GOODRICH,
Attorneys at Law,
Office on Franklin St., South Public Square.
Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to their care. Strict attention will be given to the collection and security of claims.

W. P. FISBACK,
Attorney at Law,
Office No. 20 E. Washington St.,
E. of Old Fellows' Hall, Indianapolis, Ind.

WM. CRAIG, M. D.,
Office at residence, N. W. cor. Public Square.
He has resumed the practice of Medicine in all its branches.
Reference—Attention to business.

Dr. G. W. BRUCE,
Physician and Surgeon,
Office on Washington St., Winchester, Ind.
Where he may at all times be found unless absent on professional business.

Dr. D. FERGUSON,
Office at his old stand, cor. Main & South St.
Where he may at all times be found unless professionally engaged.

Dr. R. WOODY,
South Main St., opposite M. E. Church.
Has again resumed the practice of Medicine in all its branches. Charges low.

J. E. BEVERLY,
Physician and Surgeon,
Drug Store building, rear of Journal Office.

ROUTH & BROTHER,
Retail Merchants,
Cor. Main & Franklin Sts., Winchester, Ind.

W. B. PIERCE,
Druggist,
East Public Square, under Journal Office.

CARTER & CRAIG,
CARRIAGE & BODY MANUFACTURERS,
Bin St., South side of Methodist Church.

HOS. WARD & CO.,
HARDWARE MANUFACTURERS,
Public Square, Winchester, Ind.

W. L. SCOTT,
DEALER IN SAFFLERS AND HARNESSES,
Side of the Public Square,
Winchester, Ind.

J. H. FREESTONE,
PRACTICAL ARCHITECT,
Draws Drafts for building, etc.,
Residence, E. Washington St., Winchester, Ind.

MARKET STREET HOUSE,
JOHN MUMMA, Proprietor,
Corner Market and 2nd Streets,
Des Moines, Iowa.

BRAIG HOUSE,
WM. DREW, Proprietor,
DEARFIELD, INDIANA.

UNITED STATES HOTEL,
W. ARNOLD & CO., Proprietors,
Sixth and Walnut Streets,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

PHILLIPS HOUSE,
J. R. HUBBELL, Proprietor,
Re-opened September 1, 1857.

BENJAMIN RAMSEY,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Boots, Shoes and Slippers,
West. of Public Square, Winchester, Ind.

Selected Poetry.

SCATTER THE GERMS OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

Scatter the germs of the beautiful!
By the wayside let them fall,
That the rose may spring by the cottage gate,
And the vine on the garden wall;
Cover the rough and the rude of earth
With a veil of leaves and flowers,
And mark with the opening bud and cup
The march of summer hours.
Scatter the germs of the beautiful
In the holy shrine of home;
Let the pure, and the fair, and the graceful
There be born.

THE BIRD THAT SANG IN MAY.

A bird that Spring came to my window shutter
One lovely morning at the break of day;
And from his little throat did sweetly utter
A most melodious lay.
He had no language for his joyous passion,
No solemn measure, nor artistic rhyme;
Yet no devoted minstrel e'er did fashion
Such perfect time and time.

THE BIRD THAT SANG IN MAY.

At length he flew and left me in my sorrow,
Lest I should hear those tender notes no more;
And though I early waked for him each morn-
ing,
He came not high my door.
But once again, one silent, summer even,
I met him hopping in the new-mown hay;
But he was mute, and looked not up to heaven,
The bird that sang in May!

THE BIRD THAT SANG IN MAY.

Though now I hear from dawn to twilight hour
The hoarse woodpecker and the noisy jay,
In vain I seek through leafless grove and
bower
The bird that sang in May.
And such, my friends, are childhood's dawn-
ing pleasures,
They charm a moment and then fly away
Through life we sigh and seek those missing
treasures.
The birds that sang in May.
This little lesson, then, my boy, remember,
To seize each bright-winged blessing in its
day;
And never hope to catch in cold December
The bird that sang in May!

THE ARMY IN UTAH.

The news from Utah continues to expose
more and more fully the terrible negli-
gence of the Administration. The forces are
scarcely sufficient to man the frontier,
their animals dying constantly, and the wag-
ons only enabled to proceed at all by halting
the leading teams and sending them back to
help the rear. A movement against
Fort Laramie is reported as contemplated by
the Mormons. Thus, threatened with a
total loss of all means of dragging their
supplies with them, cut off from all aid from
home, threatened with active hostilities, ig-
norant of the country, and but a handful to
the relentless enemy they must meet, is the
army exposed to destruction by the infa-
mation of the President. For months of the
best season of the year for marching, they
were kept in Kansas to overawe the people,
and they were started only when it was too
late to enable them to escape the winter and its
perils. And while this meager force, so ab-
solutely insufficient for its duty as to provoke
the bitter complaints of so servile a journal
as the St. Louis Republican, was wearily
pushing on to the calamities it has now met,
two thousand men, enough to have made
an imposing and effective force, were retain-
ed in Kansas and are there now. What need
of them in a territory where the majority
have the Legislature, the control of the
laws, and the determination to enforce the
laws? The people of Kansas can take care
of themselves. What then were two thou-
sand men kept there for when the other two
thousand were driven out into a desert to
fight snow and starvation, and with the aid
of those behind could have been able to meet
any enemy? The Lecompton Constitution
and General Devens' order to call out these
soldiers, will answer. The Utah army has
been sacrificed to the determination to force
slavery upon Kansas in spite of the popular
will. That is the whole truth in a few words.
[Daily Journal.]

THE ARMY IN UTAH.

"Well, Pat, Jim didn't quite
kill you with that brickbat, did he?"
"No, I wish he had."
"What for?"
"So I could see him hung."

THE ARMY IN UTAH.

At St. Louis, when a high
pressure steamer, crowded with pas-
sengers, bursts, it is called "elevating
the masses."

Randolph Journal.

Thursday, December 31.

EXECUTION OF MULLENX.

Greenbury O. Mullenx, who was executed
at Greencastle on Friday, the 18th inst.,
for the murder of his wife, was a native of Pat-
nam County, Ind. His father is said to be a
North Carolinian, but to have lived in Put-
nam Co. for more than thirty years, where
he has accumulated some property. He is
represented as an ignorant and debased man;
his father was a drunkard, and he is himself
an intemperate man. In religion, he is said
to be a "Hard Shell Baptist." In politics,
a Democrat (?) of the Pierce, Buchanan, and
Willard school; opposed to Free Schools,
and destitute of any liberal ideas on religion
or government.

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAK-FAST TABLE.

Below we give our readers some ex-
cerpts from "The Autocrat of the
Break-fast Table" in the New Atlantic
Monthly; hoping the reading may af-
ford them as much pleasure as it did
us.

I nearly believe some people save
their bright thoughts, as being too pre-
cious for conversation. What do you
think an admiring friend said the other
day to one that was talking good
things—good enough to print?
"Why," said he, "you are wasting
merchandise literature, a cash article,
at the rate, as nearly as I can tell, of
fifty dollars an hour." The talker took
him to the window and asked him to
look out and tell what he saw.

"Nothing but a very dusty street,"
he said, "and a man driving a sprin-
gling-machine through it."
"Why don't you tell the man he is
wasting that water? What would be the
state of the highways of life, if we
did not drive our thought-sprinklers
through them with the valves open,
some times?"

Besides, there is another thing
about this talking, which you forget.
It shapes our thoughts for us—the
waves of conversation roll them as the
surf rolls the pebbles on the shore—
Let me modify the image a little. I
rough out my thoughts in talk as an
artist models in clay. Spoken lan-
guage is so plastic, you can pat and
coax, and spread and shave, and rub
out, and fill up, and stick on so easily,
when you work that soft material, that
there is nothing like it for modelling.
Out of it come the shapes which you
turn into marble or bronze in your im-
mortal books, if you happen to write
such. Or, to use another illustration,
writing or painting is like shooting
with a rifle; you may hit your reader's
mind, or miss it—but talking is like
playing at a mark with the pipe of an
engine; if it is within reach, and you
have time enough, you can't help hit-
ting it.

It is an old idea, that almost
all our people have had a professional
education. To become a doctor a man
must study some three years and hear
a thousand lectures, more or less. Just
how much study it takes to make a
lawyer I cannot say, but probably
more than this. Now most decent
people hear one hundred lectures or
sermons (discourses) on theology every
year, and this, twenty, thirty, fifty
years together. They read a great
many religious books besides. The
clergy, however, rarely hear any ser-
mons except what they preach them-
selves. A dull preacher might be con-
ceived, therefore, to lapse into a state
of quasi-heathenism. And on the other
hand, an attentive and intelligent
hearer, listening to a succession of wise
teachers, might become actually better
educated in theology than any one of
them. We are all theological students,
and more of us qualified as doctors of
divinity than have received degrees at
any of the universities.

It is not strange, therefore, that very
good people should often find it diffi-
cult, if not impossible, to keep their at-
tention fixed upon a sermon treating
feebly a subject which they have
thought vigorously about for years,
and heard able men discuss scores of
times. I have often noticed, however,
that a hopelessly dull discourse ad-
dresser, as electricians would say, in
developing strong mental currents. I
am ashamed to think with what accom-
paniments and variations and fortu-
nate private opinion of our own—and
one which we have no objection to mak-
ing public—that the apparent anxiety of cer-
tain editors and newspaper reporters to por-
tray all the sickening details of the most dis-
graceful and revolting actions of which dis-
graced human nature is capable, is to say
the very least, of doubtful propriety.

We have condensed this account (and nor
condensed as much as we intended) from
the Indianapolis Daily Journal, whose edit-
or was on the ground, and we hope it may
be long before we have a similar talk to
perform.

LITTLE GIANT.

The following plan for "crushing out"
the Little Giant is from a correspondent
(Dead Rabbit) of the N. Y. Tribune, and is
recommended to Mr. Buchanan.

1. Let the Little Giant be fastened to his
seat in the Senate Chamber, with his head
bent down and his legs under his desk, in
such a manner as to make it impossible for
him to rise; and let all weapons be taken
from him, if he has any.
2. Let Mr. Keitt of South Carolina pro-
vide himself with a heavy club, a bowie-
knife, and a revolver.
3. Let Mr. Keitt be furnished with a body-
guard, consisting of two members of Con-
gress, (one from South Carolina and one
from Virginia) armed to the teeth.
4. Let Mr. Keitt, with his body-guard, be
admitted into the Senate Chamber, and let
the body-guard keep near enough to him to
save him from all possible danger.
5. Let Mr. Keitt, chivalrously, but cau-
tiously, creep up to the Little Giant and
beat him soundly with a club. Let the
beating be continued for a few minutes upon
the head of the Little Giant after he shall
have fallen upon the floor, so that he may
be fully "subdued."

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAK-FAST TABLE.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN DESERVING.

Below we give our readers some ex-
cerpts from "The Autocrat of the
Break-fast Table" in the New Atlantic
Monthly; hoping the reading may af-
ford them as much pleasure as it did
us.

I nearly believe some people save
their bright thoughts, as being too pre-
cious for conversation. What do you
think an admiring friend said the other
day to one that was talking good
things—good enough to print?
"Why," said he, "you are wasting
merchandise literature, a cash article,
at the rate, as nearly as I can tell, of
fifty dollars an hour." The talker took
him to the window and asked him to
look out and tell what he saw.

"Nothing but a very dusty street,"
he said, "and a man driving a sprin-
gling-machine through it."
"Why don't you tell the man he is
wasting that water? What would be the
state of the highways of life, if we
did not drive our thought-sprinklers
through them with the valves open,
some times?"

Besides, there is another thing
about this talking, which you forget.
It shapes our thoughts for us—the
waves of conversation roll them as the
surf rolls the pebbles on the shore—
Let me modify the image a little. I
rough out my thoughts in talk as an
artist models in clay. Spoken lan-
guage is so plastic, you can pat and
coax, and spread and shave, and rub
out, and fill up, and stick on so easily,
when you work that soft material, that
there is nothing like it for modelling.
Out of it come the shapes which you
turn into marble or bronze in your im-
mortal books, if you happen to write
such. Or, to use another illustration,
writing or painting is like shooting
with a rifle; you may hit your reader's
mind, or miss it—but talking is like
playing at a mark with the pipe of an
engine; if it is within reach, and you
have time enough, you can't help hit-
ting it.

It is an old idea, that almost
all our people have had a professional
education. To become a doctor a man
must study some three years and hear
a thousand lectures, more or less. Just
how much study it takes to make a
lawyer I cannot say, but probably
more than this. Now most decent
people hear one hundred lectures or
sermons (discourses) on theology every
year, and this, twenty, thirty, fifty
years together. They read a great
many religious books besides. The
clergy, however, rarely hear any ser-
mons except what they preach them-
selves. A dull preacher might be con-
ceived, therefore, to lapse into a state
of quasi-heathenism. And on the other
hand, an attentive and intelligent
hearer, listening to a succession of wise
teachers, might become actually better
educated in theology than any one of
them. We are all theological students,
and more of us qualified as doctors of
divinity than have received degrees at
any of the universities.

It is not strange, therefore, that very
good people should often find it diffi-
cult, if not impossible, to keep their at-
tention fixed upon a sermon treating
feebly a subject which they have
thought vigorously about for years,
and heard able men discuss scores of
times. I have often noticed, however,
that a hopelessly dull discourse ad-
dresser, as electricians would say, in
developing strong mental currents. I
am ashamed to think with what accom-
paniments and variations and fortu-
nate private opinion of our own—and
one which we have no objection to mak-
ing public—that the apparent anxiety of cer-
tain editors and newspaper reporters to por-
tray all the sickening details of the most dis-
graceful and revolting actions of which dis-
graced human nature is capable, is to say
the very least, of doubtful propriety.

We have condensed this account (and nor
condensed as much as we intended) from
the Indianapolis Daily Journal, whose edit-
or was on the ground, and we hope it may
be long before we have a similar talk to
perform.

LITTLE GIANT.

The following plan for "crushing out"
the Little Giant is from a correspondent
(Dead Rabbit) of the N. Y. Tribune, and is
recommended to Mr. Buchanan.

1. Let the Little Giant be fastened to his
seat in the Senate Chamber, with his head
bent down and his legs under his desk, in
such a manner as to make it impossible for
him to rise; and let all weapons be taken
from him, if he has any.
2. Let Mr. Keitt of South Carolina pro-
vide himself with a heavy club, a bowie-
knife, and a revolver.
3. Let Mr. Keitt be furnished with a body-
guard, consisting of two members of Con-
gress, (one from South Carolina and one
from Virginia) armed to the teeth.
4. Let Mr. Keitt, with his body-guard, be
admitted into the Senate Chamber, and let
the body-guard keep near enough to him to
save him from all possible danger.
5. Let Mr. Keitt, chivalrously, but cau-
tiously, creep up to the Little Giant and
beat him soundly with a club. Let the
beating be continued for a few minutes upon
the head of the Little Giant after he shall
have fallen upon the floor, so that he may
be fully "subdued."

The plan, if thoroughly carried out, would
be practical, chivalric, safe—in this point Mr.
Keitt will appreciate—and effectual. It
would relieve Buchanan from much trouble;
would be heartily applauded by Fernando
Wood and the rest of the Democratic party,
and would undoubtedly "save the Union."

The individual who was con-
tent that his life should be linked with
crime, has found a strong chain round
his leg.

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAK-FAST TABLE.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN DESERVING.

Below we give our readers some ex-
cerpts from "The Autocrat of the
Break-fast Table" in the New Atlantic
Monthly; hoping the reading may af-
ford them as much pleasure as it did
us.

I nearly believe some people save
their bright thoughts, as being too pre-
cious for conversation. What do you
think an admiring friend said the other
day to one that was talking good
things—good enough to print?
"Why," said he, "you are wasting
merchandise literature, a cash article,
at the rate, as nearly as I can tell, of
fifty dollars an hour." The talker took
him to the window and asked him to
look out and tell what he saw.

"Nothing but a very dusty street,"
he said, "and a man driving a sprin-
gling-machine through it."
"Why don't you tell the man he is
wasting that water? What would be the
state of the highways of life, if we
did not drive our thought-sprinklers
through them with the valves open,
some times?"

Besides, there is another thing
about this talking, which you forget.
It shapes our thoughts for us—the
waves of conversation roll them as the
surf rolls the pebbles on the shore—
Let me modify the image a little. I
rough out my thoughts in talk as an
artist models in clay. Spoken lan-
guage is so plastic, you can pat and
coax, and spread and shave, and rub
out, and fill up, and stick on so easily,
when you work that soft material, that
there is nothing like it for modelling.
Out of it come the shapes which you
turn into marble or bronze in your im-
mortal books, if you happen to write
such. Or, to use another illustration,
writing or painting is like shooting
with a rifle; you may hit your reader's
mind, or miss it—but talking is like
playing at a mark with the pipe of an
engine; if it is within reach, and you
have time enough, you can't help hit-
ting it.

It is an old idea, that almost
all our people have had a professional
education. To become a doctor a man
must study some three years and hear
a thousand lectures, more or less. Just
how much study it takes to make a
lawyer I cannot say, but probably
more than this. Now most decent
people hear one hundred lectures or
sermons (discourses) on theology every
year, and this, twenty, thirty, fifty
years together. They read a great
many religious books besides. The
clergy, however, rarely hear any ser-
mons except what they preach them-
selves. A dull preacher might be con-
ceived, therefore, to lapse into a state
of quasi-heathenism. And on the other
hand, an attentive and intelligent
hearer, listening to a succession of wise
teachers, might become actually better
educated in theology than any one of
them. We are all theological students,
and more of us qualified as doctors of
divinity than have received degrees at
any of the universities.

It is not strange, therefore, that very
good people should often find it diffi-
cult, if not impossible, to keep their at-
tention fixed upon a sermon treating
feebly a subject which they have
thought vigorously about for years,
and heard able men discuss scores of
times. I have often noticed, however,
that a hopelessly dull discourse ad-
dresser, as electricians would say, in
developing strong mental currents. I
am ashamed to think with what accom-
paniments and variations and fortu-
nate private opinion of our own—and
one which we have no objection to mak-
ing public—that the apparent anxiety of cer-
tain editors and newspaper reporters to por-
tray all the sickening details of the most dis-
graceful and revolting actions of which dis-
graced human nature is capable, is to say
the very least, of doubtful propriety.

We have condensed this account (and nor
condensed as much as we intended) from
the Indianapolis Daily Journal, whose edit-
or was on the ground, and we hope it may
be long before we have a similar talk to
perform.

LITTLE GIANT.

The following plan for "crushing out"
the Little Giant is from a correspondent
(Dead Rabbit) of the N. Y. Tribune, and is
recommended to Mr. Buchanan.

1. Let the Little Giant be fastened to his
seat in the Senate Chamber, with his head
bent down and his legs under his desk, in
such a manner as to make it impossible for
him to rise; and let all weapons be taken
from him, if he has any.
2. Let Mr. Keitt of South Carolina pro-
vide himself with a heavy club, a bowie-
knife, and a revolver.
3. Let Mr. Keitt be furnished with a body-
guard, consisting of two members of Con-
gress, (one from South Carolina and one
from Virginia) armed to the teeth.
4. Let Mr. Keitt, with his body-guard, be
admitted into the Senate Chamber, and let
the body-guard keep near enough to him to
save him from all possible danger.
5. Let Mr. Keitt, chivalrously, but cau-
tiously, creep up to the Little Giant and
beat him soundly with a club. Let the
beating be continued for a few minutes upon
the head of the Little Giant after he shall
have fallen upon the floor, so that he may
be fully "subdued."

The plan, if thoroughly carried out, would
be practical, chivalric, safe—in this point Mr.
Keitt will appreciate—and effectual. It
would relieve Buchanan from much trouble;
would be heartily applauded by Fernando
Wood and the rest of the Democratic party,
and would undoubtedly "save the Union."

The individual who was con-
tent that his life should be linked with
crime, has found a strong chain round
his leg.

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAK-FAST TABLE.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN DESERVING.

Below we give our readers some ex-
cerpts from "The Autocrat of the
Break-fast Table" in the New Atlantic
Monthly; hoping the reading may af-
ford them as much pleasure as it did
us.

I nearly believe some people save
their bright thoughts, as being too pre-
cious for conversation. What do you
think an admiring friend said the other
day to one that was talking good
things—good enough to print?
"Why," said he, "you are wasting
merchandise literature, a cash article,
at the rate, as nearly as I can tell, of
fifty dollars an hour." The talker took
him to the window and asked him to
look out and tell what he saw.

"Nothing but a very dusty street,"
he said, "and a man driving a sprin-
gling-machine through it."
"Why don't you tell the man he is
wasting that water? What would be the
state of the highways of life, if we
did not drive our thought-sprinklers
through them with the valves open,
some times?"

Besides, there is another thing
about this talking, which you forget.
It shapes our thoughts for us—the
waves of conversation roll them as the
surf rolls the pebbles on the shore—
Let me modify the image a little. I
rough out my thoughts in talk as an
artist models in clay. Spoken lan-
guage is so plastic, you can pat and
coax, and spread and shave, and rub
out, and fill up, and stick on so easily,
when you work that soft material, that
there is nothing like it for modelling.
Out of it come the shapes which you
turn into marble or bronze in your im-
mortal books, if you happen to write
such. Or, to use another illustration,
writing or painting is like shooting
with a rifle; you may hit your reader's
mind, or miss it—but talking is like
playing at a mark with the pipe of an
engine; if it is within reach, and you
have time enough, you can't help hit-
ting it.

It is an old idea, that almost
all our people have had a professional
education. To become a doctor a man
must study some three years and hear
a thousand lectures, more or less. Just
how much study it takes to make a
lawyer I cannot say, but probably
more than this. Now most decent
people hear one hundred lectures or
sermons (discourses) on theology every
year, and this, twenty, thirty, fifty
years together. They read a great
many religious books besides. The
clergy, however, rarely hear any ser-
mons except what they preach them-
selves. A dull preacher might be con-
ceived, therefore, to lapse into a state
of quasi-heathenism. And on the other
hand, an attentive and intelligent
hearer, listening to a succession of wise
teachers, might become actually better
educated in theology than any one of
them. We are all theological students,
and more of us qualified as doctors of
divinity than have received degrees at
any of the universities.

It is not strange, therefore, that very
good people should often find it diffi-
cult, if not impossible, to keep their at-
tention fixed upon a sermon treating
feebly a subject which they have
thought vigorously about for years,
and heard able men discuss scores of
times. I have often noticed, however,
that a hopelessly dull discourse ad-
dresser, as electricians would say, in
developing strong mental currents. I
am ashamed to think with what accom-
paniments and variations and fortu-
nate private opinion of our own—and
one which we have no objection to mak-
ing public—that the apparent anxiety of cer-
tain editors and newspaper reporters to por-
tray all the sickening details of the most dis-
graceful and revolting actions of which dis-
graced human nature is capable, is to say
the very least, of doubtful propriety.

We have condensed this account (and nor
condensed as much as we intended) from
the Indianapolis Daily Journal, whose edit-
or was on the ground, and we hope it may
be long before we have a similar talk to
perform.

LITTLE GIANT.

The following plan for "crushing out"
the Little Giant is from a correspondent
(Dead Rabbit) of the N. Y. Tribune, and is
recommended to Mr. Buchanan.

1. Let the Little Giant be fastened to his
seat in the Senate Chamber, with his head
bent down and his legs under his desk, in
such a manner as to make it impossible for
him to rise; and let all weapons be taken
from him, if he has any.
2. Let Mr. Keitt of South Carolina pro-
vide himself with a heavy club, a bowie-
knife, and a revolver.
3. Let Mr. Keitt be furnished with a body-
guard, consisting of two members of Con-
gress, (one from South Carolina and one
from Virginia) armed to the teeth.
4. Let Mr. Keitt, with his body-guard, be
admitted into the Senate Chamber, and let
the body-guard keep near enough to him to
save him from all possible danger.
5. Let Mr. Keitt, chivalrously, but cau-
tiously, creep up to the Little Giant and
beat him soundly with a club. Let the
beating be continued for a few minutes upon
the head of the Little Giant after he shall
have fallen upon the floor, so that he may
be fully "subdued."

The plan, if thoroughly carried out, would
be practical, chivalric, safe—in this point Mr.
Keitt will appreciate—and effectual. It
would relieve Buchanan from much trouble;
would be heartily applauded by Fernando
Wood and the rest of the Democratic party,
and would undoubtedly "save the Union."

The individual who was con-
tent that his life should be linked with
crime, has found a strong chain round
his leg.

THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAK-FAST TABLE.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN DESERVING.

Below we give our readers some ex-
cerpts from "The Autocrat of the
Break-fast Table" in the New Atlantic
Monthly; hoping the reading may af-
ford them as much pleasure as it did
us.

I nearly believe some people save
their bright thoughts, as being too pre-
cious for conversation. What do you
think an admiring friend said the other
day to one that was talking good
things—good enough to print?
"Why," said he, "you are wasting
merchandise literature, a cash article,
at the rate, as nearly as I can tell, of
fifty dollars an hour." The talker took
him to the window and asked him to
look out and tell what he saw.

"Nothing but a very dusty street,"
he said, "and a man driving a sprin-
gling-machine through it."
"Why don't you tell the